By JEANNE O. LOIZEAUX

Marion rode at an angry gallop. The dust was thick and the heat intense even for July-no weather for riding. The girl wore a neat blue gown, and a wide straw hat shaded her golden hair and clouded blue eyes. As she passed the hayfield, midway between her father's farm and Jim Bradley's, Jim himself stepped to the road and motioned her to stop. She reigned the rough | so sorry!" bay colt up with difficulty and pushed her lover's band away when he laid it on her arm. She gave him no chance

to speak. "Now, don't say anything. I shall ride whatever horse I please. See how quiet he is, anyway. Well, suppose I am killed? Then you will be free to marry Agnes, since you seem to like her so well. You can ride with her every day. You are free now, for that

She knew it was an unjust remark, but jealousy had the upper hand. Jim Bradley was every inch a man, call and good looking. His dark eyes fiashed, and his jaw set. He had seen Marion in a temper before. He tried

to explain. "But, dearest, she only overtook me on my way to town. It was not planned by either of us, and I have always known her, as I have you. Would you have me tell her you did not allow me to ride a mile with a neighbor? Where's the harm? You know whom I

"She's always after you. She's in love with you. She"-

"No, she is not, but if she were ought you to be angry with me? And even then should you blame her? You love me yourself, don't you? Come, dear, be reasonable. Let me lead the brute home, and, if you must ride and get a sunstroke, get it on a safe horse." His masterful air of possession irritated her as much as it ordinarily pleased

"I don't love you. I hate you! Come slap, and the colt danced and snorted wildly. Jim caught him by the bridle. He spoke with repressed anger.

"Well, love me or not, you shall get down! You shan't break your neck just to break my heart. You know plenty of other ways of doing that. Prince has not been saddled half a dozen times, and I know your father does not allow you to ride him, though you are an old hand at horses. And you know perfectly well that Agnes is nothing but a friend. She cares noth-

ing for me. She's a nice girl"—
"That's it—stand up for her, Jim. Bradley! She told Sue Field that she would take you from me, and she's done it. Not that I care-much. Let

"I will not. I shall take you down and have your father forbid you to mount him. Sue is only trying to make trouble. Agnes never said or thought a thing like that."

Marion sat quietly a moment, as if to obey his command to dismount. Her eyes were wide, her cheeks glowing. He dropped the bridle and came to reach his arms up for her. Then suddenly the demon of pride seized her again. She gave Prince a cut that sent

bim out of Jim's reach with one bound "Goodby," she called. "You are free I wouldn't marry you if you-I would have to be dead and come to life again before I would say I love you!"

The horse was off at an unruly gallop. Jim was bigry, but his heart stood still as he watched the little blue figure riding away so lightly. Untrustworthy as he knew the colt to be, she seemed to have him under fine control. She could tame anything but her own temper; it was a way she had. Perhaps her own unruly spirit made the conquest of others easy. Of all her suitors and she was much soughtrefused to bow utterly under the yoke of her will. That was why she love! him and quarreled with him-and had always come back to him. He was the stronger, and, while at times she resented his power over her, she also gioried in it. This was the worst she had ever done-defied him, broken her promise to marry him, risked her life to wring his heart.

He watched horse and girl fly from him over the level road. Then he shouldered his hayfork, walked swiftly to her futher's place, entered the deserted barnyard-the men were all in the fields-closed the open barn door and waited with set jaw,

Meantime Marion and the colt were he ving a grand vide past grain lands and groves and furnhouses, flying past ed intelligence. He continued to glare meadow and hayfield. The brisk motion, the wind in her face, cooled the girl's anger a little and made her ashamed. She thought with a pang that she had gore too far this timethat she could never make it up with 31m now she had been a fool. Then she remembered coming back

from shopping with Sue and meeting him riding gayly to town with Agnes Sutherland, with whom she had warred from the A B C's up. Jim had always had a fondness for her. Her wrath rose again, and she twitched the bridle. Prince was tired and beginning to be a bit sulky and nervous. With horsewomanly instinct she humored without yielding to him, let him arink at a roadside trough and turned his head

As they reached Field's farm she not ticed meanications for thrashing going on. The great red thrasher stood waiting for the engine, and men and horses

were standing all about the conical yellow stacks. Sue came from the house and called to her to stop, which she did, to the colt's disgust. Sue leaned on the fence, and the two girls chatted a mo-

comes, Marion. You alght meet it.

It isn't safe. I don't see how Jim allows it?" Marion's face flamed. "What has he to say? I am not engaged to him any more. I"--

Sue gasped, then, with remorse too late, as usual-remembered what she had told her friend on the way from town that day.

"Marion, you weren't ever fool enough nes really said was that Jim was so silly about you he didn't hear what she said half the time. Oh, May, I'm

But Marion did not wait. She rode Prince settled into an ugly, obstinate

gallop, swerving and jolting. They were nearing the crossing when an unearthly shrick made Marion look up to see the thrasher engine approach-She urged Prince on, trying to toward home before the machine came

serve with an unruly horse. Prince snorted, laid back his ears, but went on well enough. They were almost at the corner when the fiendish

shriek came again.

closer. Her hands trembled, but she

remembered that it is fatal to lose

The colt took the bit in his teeth-and bolted in utter terror. Marion knew her danger and kept her head as they turned the corner. She let her hat go, and the wind whipped her long hair back like a yellow banner. She spoke to the colt soothingly, patted his neck, tried to get the bit from his teeth-all in vain. They were still a mile from home and going so fast that the motion was as easy as the rocking of a cradle. If they met no teams and he kept to the road all m'ght yet be well, but he might throw her. He swerved at the bridge and nearly dragged her

against the railing. She felt cold perspiration on her face. It seemed like the end of things. She thought of Jim-all he had been, all he was to her, what she had said to himand now she-might-never be able to say she was sorry, that she loved himget him to forgive her. She recalled a thought of her mother's face when they would take her home. As they neared the house she remembered that she had not weeded the pansy bed. Everything

wavered strangely in her mind. As they passed the windows she saw her little sister's baby face.

As the colt tore around the corner to the gate and into the yard she grew cold with horror. She had left the barn door open. He would make for his stall and crush her. It went suddenly dark before her, and her head swam. Jimshe wanted to call his name, but could not. He would have saved her, she

Against the closed door stood a brimming pail of cold water. As Prince stopped with a jerk that threw Marion from her seat Jim Bradley came quiety up. She was hanging by all her skirts, that had caught on the pommel. Only a quick hand and a steady one could have disengaged her as he did. He drew her into the shade and held

She opened her eyes and looked up into his white face. It was like heav

"Jim" she said. "Jim!" "Are you hurt-are you burt? Marion, are you all right?" She drew a long breath, stood up and walked a step to show him she was uninjured. Then she went close to him and put her hands on his shoulders. Her face was very serious.

"Jim," she said, "I have changed my nind." He saw a queer little light in her eyes and was wary.

"About what-Prince?" "About you. Couldn't you ask me f I-love you? I think that I wouldn't have to lie to say-yes." Jim thied to get hold of her, but she held off.

"I want to tell you what I think of myself. Don't you speak. I am a horrid little beast. Yes, I did say beast." Will you-take me back?" Jim thought

Thackeray's Disfigured Nose. That George Venables, Thackeray's schoolmate, was not entirely responsile for the novelist's disfigured nose is to be gathered from the autobiography of Str Wemyss Reld. On one occasion, when both Venables and Reid were visiting Lord Houghton, Reid bluntly asked his fellow guest who broke hackeray's nose. "It was winter, and we were walking

a Indian file through the woods. As I put this question to Venables he suddenly stopped and, turning around glared at me in a manner that instantly or several seconds, and then, apparent y perceiving nothing but innocent conusion, not unmixed with alarm, on my ace, his features became relaxed into more amiable expression. Did anybody tell you,' he said slowly and with olemn emphasis, to ask me that quesion? I could truthfully say that nobody had done so. My answer seemed to mollify Venables at once. Then, if nobody put you up to asking that question, I don't mind answering it. It was who broke Thackeray's nose. We were only little boys at the time and quarreled over something and had the usual fight. It wasn't my fault that he was disfigured for life. It was all the fault of some wretched doctor. North days a boy's nose can be mended s that nobody can see that it has ever been broken. Let me tell you, he continued, that Thackeray never showe me any ill will for the harm I had don him, and I do not believe he felt any."

THACKERAY'S SUBSTITUTE. Singular Story About a Chapter In

"The Virginians." Many American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac, as Thackeray had through which his gallant here fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people to bear that all, but that the well known author. John P. Kennedy, did. This is the not to know I was joking? What Ag- story as Colonel John H. H. Latrobe

> Kennedy was at a dinner in London with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins and other celebrities. The dinner was over and the guests were settling down to the wine and cigars when Thackeray, always at his best upon a jovial occasion like the

stopped and, looking at his watch, exyou. I have promised the printer a chapter of the 'Virginians' tomorrow morning, and I haven't written a line The printer is inexorable. So, wishing

be longer with you, I bid you a good Thackeray had almost reached the

you all another meeting when I can

The great novelist seemed a little as he was a perfect man of the world

"Kennedy, you are extremely kind, "Then don't," all the company cried. "Stay with us and let Mr. Kennedy

just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Poiomac."

"If that's what you are writing foot of the ground." "All right, then," said Thackeray. resuming his seat at the board. "Let

me have it early tomorrow morning." Mr. Kennedy withdrew and, going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginlans," and thus it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so accurate as to the topography of the country through which he

For Over Sixty Years. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for ever 60 years by mi''ene of mothers for their children walls teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all ps'a; cures wind coile, and is the best remedy for Diarrhosa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind, -Advi.

Carpet Cleaning Now is the time to clean carpets. If you want your carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid, send word to D. Douglass, No. 9 Park street, Montelair. Mr. Douglass has had years of experience in carpet cleaning, and has a large patronage in this town, Gien Ridge and Montelair. Those intending to move can have their carpets taken up, cleaned and relaid on short notice. The work will be well and cromptly done.-Advt.

Licensed by Board of Health. Odor less Excavating orders promptly tended to at reasonable rates. Apply to or address RICHARD MAXWELL, No. 15 Clinton Street, Bloomileid, Telephone No. 59-a .- Adut.

PSTATE OF MICHAEL CUMMINGS Pursuant to the order of George E. Russell, Surrogate of the County of Russe, this day made, on the application of the undersigned, executors, of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under outh or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased, within nine months from this date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

JOHN MONTEITH, Proctor.

Rest! Recreation! are assured under the most

favorable conditions at Cambridge Springs, PENNSTLVANIA

midway between Chicago and New York, on the

Erie Railroad. You cught to know all about it

Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle "Sest," on applies-tion to the Ticket Agent or . W. Cooke Gineral Passenger Agent New York.

Martin J. Callahan. CONTRACTOR Flagging, Curbing

A supply of Decesteps. Cape, and Cellar Steps constant STONE YARD: ON GLENWOOD AVE. KRAR D., L. & W. R. . DROOT. RESIDENCE ON THOMAS STR ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION

This Week.

Hahne&Co.

Broad, New and Halsey Streets NEWARK.

Store Closes 5.30 P. M., excepting Saturdays.

are Ready.

The Hahne & Co. Store

From the electric power plant in the basement to the top floor workrooms, one of the MOST COM-PLETE and admittedly the BEST ARRANGED mercantile establishment in the world.

IANUARY FURNITURE SALE

Now the great central attraction of this greatest of stores. Unprecedented pricings on dependable furniture of every kind, not a piece in the house that is not reduced in cost.

Great Sale of Housekeeping Linens in Conjunction

VICTOR'S BAND

Will give daily concerts this week at from 2 to 4.30 P. M.

Store Now Closes at 5.30 P. M., Excepting Saturdays.

HAHNE & CO.

Broad, New and Halsey Streets, Newark, N. J.



Getting There Promptly from Acker, Merrall & Condit, D. Osborne & Co., Wilkinson.

in our work. Doing things right after we get there is another. We use expert GARLOCK & MISHELL labor and first class material.

We'Like to Estimate on new work, and will be glad to have you call on us.

Arthur & Stanford.

547 Bloomfield Avenue.

PUBLIC SCAVENGER

Licensed By Board of Health. Parties desiring to make contracts to have their premises kept clean of sahes, refuse, and garbage, can make havorable arrangements with **EDWARD MAXWELL** Office: 15 Clinton Street,

Telephone No. 58-a.

BLOOMFIELD

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Ful Line of the Best Brands of Imported and Domestic CIGARS.

is one of the things we do Gaddis & Co.

Newsdealers,

276 Glenwood Avenue Opp. D. L. & W. Station

America's Best Coffee. Mocha and Java, 25c per lb.

Don't buy ntamps and get poor Coffee, Get a rich, fine flavored, heavy bodied Coffee SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE CO. and pay only 25c for it. Don't Fail to Try This

COFFEE

T. CADMUS,

595 Bloomfield Avenue PHONE L. D. 685: Local, 68.

GOLD JEWELRY.

Benedict's Time" Is Standard Time and Our Trade Mark The Watch and Jewelry House of

Benedict Bros. was established in Wall Street in 1819 by Samuel W. Benedict. the father of the present Benedict Bros., which makes it probably the oldest in their line is this country. The present Benedicts removed to the corper of They are now located at the corner of

Broadway and Liberty Street, where they have the most attractive jewelry store in the United Stales and, perhaps, An early inspection of their magnifi-cent and extensive line of fine Watches, Dismonds and other Precious Geme is cordially invited. Try "The Benedict" Patent Sleeve and Collar Button.

BENEDICT BROTHERS JEWELERS,

141 Broadway, cor. Liberty St.,

PROVIDENT OF NEW YORK

is one of the Old Line Companies, ever 30 years old, has paid to beneficiarios thirty-two millions of dollars since or genization, and issue all the improved forms of Policies, with broad and liberal

JESSE C. GREEN General Agent for Northern New Jersey. Special arrangements will be made with members of the Royal Arenous desiring to change. ESTIMATE | GLADLY FURNISHED